

Memories

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Summary: Memories we don't really think much about them, they've always been a part of us it'd not until their gone that we realize how precious they are or how dangerous Random One-Shots before CoS

1. Memories

****Memories****

"Why do you want your memories so badly?"

A thirteen year boy looked at the pale boy; they were behind a certain meat shop.

For the last three years his friend he could call him, had shown up a lot.

He never said how they knew each other; he just looked angry most of the time.

The boy chuckled internally, just like his brother.

That brought a frown as he answered" because theirs four years of my life I want back, even if it's just the memories" it was a lie.

Violet eyes slit slightly" your lying, even back then you were a horrible liar" the pale boy just kept looking at the boy who's brother he kept trying to kill.

"Just leave it alone Wrath, it's not like you ever tell me anything" muttered the boy as he slid now to the ground wrapping his arms around his legs.

Wrath just narrowed his eyes" you wouldn't like what I have to say

and then you'd hate me" he gave the same response he gave every time Alphonse asked.

Al just growled quietly to himself in annoyance" But why! Why would I hate you, I don't care if you're a homunculus your not that bad a person!" he tried to counter.'

Wrath wasn't giving in though" then you know there's some things people shouldn't remember" was the dark response from the inhuman boy.

The two turned silent for awhile both stuck in memories they barley remembered" Wrath?" Al's voice was quiet as the violet eyed boy looked him.

He didn't even know why he wasted his time with Ed's brother then again; he didn't know why he sometimes showed up around Dublith just to see Izumi.

That was a lie though, he knew why.

They were all he had left, his mother who he had tried to kill so many times that now he was left confused of everything.

He was a homunculus superior to humans and yet that wasn't really true, that hadn't been the reason he kept trying to kill Edward.

It took loosing everything for him to understand Lust.

He finally understood her longing to be human, her almost human actions.

He also knew what tied him to Alphonse, guilt and some weird sense of repayment.

As far as he knew he was the only homunculus left, and he had been left without the arm and leg that let him do alchemy.

Winry, she had given him an automail arm and leg the ones she made for Edward before he disappeared.

He guess that was one reason he sometimes showed up, he at least owed this much to her for helping him after trying to kill her friends for so long.

He owed his older brother too; internally Wrath couldn't help the pain of his existence.

These years he too was becoming like Lust, human yet not.

"What is it" he almost growled at Alphonse.

It didn't matter the boy didn't flinch" what was my brother like you know during those years, could you at least tell me that" Al's voice was quiet almost in defeat.

And Wrath mentally growled, well he could give him that at least if it would finally shut him up.

"Annoying, stubborn, hot-headed, persistent, would kill anyone who

tried to hurt you" Wrath wasn't even trying to be funny he didn't even know what that was like but soon he heard soft laughter.

Green eyes looked up" that sounds like brother" he chuckled; even with the few memories he sometimes got his brother always had been protective.

"He never knew when to give up either" muttered Wrath as he remembered every fight and attempt to take the rest of his limbs.

As long as he had Alphonse to protect Ed never gave up, he wondered if that was something only humans could feel.

"Hey Wrath" Al's voice had gone back to a whisper.

Even a homunculus could feel the change in tone as he fully turned towards the boy.

"What now?" he wasn't prepared for the boy's question.

"Do you think my brother is still alive?" he sounded so defeated and scared.

And Wrath wasn't the type of person who was ever and he never would be, good with emotions.

"How would I know" was the snappish response.

It was true he didn't know if his brother was alive, he hadn't been there when whatever had happened went down.

Apparently that wasn't what Al wanted to hear" Rose doesn't know what happened either no one does" the boys pitch had changed he sounded scared.

Wrath just crossed mismatched arms" that's your answer then" he looked away at the moon.

It had begun to lower as morning would be breaking in a few hours.

Alphonse said nothing else as he slowly stood up.

"Will you ever tell me what happened four years ago?" asked Al one finally time.

Wrath just turned away getting ready to leave like he always did "if you never find your brother" that was all he said before vanishing into the shadows.

Most would take it as a never but not Al, he knew what it meant.

That Wrath believed he would find his brother; his brother would be the one to tell him his missing past.

He made himself out to be bad but that couldn't be true, he'd been showing up since Al had been ten and living with the Rockbells.

He just hoped he'd find his brother soon; because no matter how many

people he was suppose to remember.

No matter how good Winry and Granny were.

He just wanted to one day see his brother again, even if he never got his memories back.

And somewhere else looking at the moon in a dull parallel world, another brother wondered the same.

He wondered if he too would ever see his brother again.

****Randomly just popped into my head****

2. Nightmares

****Nightmares****

Sixteen year old Winry Rockbell could do nothing but gently rubbed her friends and surrogate younger brothers back, as she spoke gentle words with no meaning.

It felt like her childhood all over again, when she, Ed and Al would have sleep over's and one of them would say something to Al that freaked him out.

It would always end up with either her or Ed, mostly Ed comforting Al from whatever nightmare he had.

Now though she was the only one left that Al would let this close, how must it feel to not remember four years of your life?

Well not completely she knew what this nightmare was about; it was the same as all the others.

Sometimes Al could remember things in the form of nightmares, small snippets of their life.

Sometimes things weren't bad he'd remember fun okay times, like pass lessons with Izumi or how much Winry tended to hit Ed with her wrench.

Ed. She frowned as Al began to calm down.

She missed him too but her pain was nothing compared to Al's, he'd been around Ed since birth it always had been that way.

And this nightmare proved just that, Al's nightmares were always ones involving Ed.

She shouldn't be surprised by that, Al's worse experiences had always been with his brother.

The last one had been snippets of his fight with Barry the Chopper, remembering even tiny parts of that psychopath had led to days of calming Al down.

"Are you ready to tell me now?" Winry gently asked the boy.

Alphonse looked up at Winry; it looked like he didn't want to but gave in rather quickly.

"W-winry, do you think brother could still be alive?" the question sounded rather fearful and unsure.

So it had been about Edward, but she didn't know why he sounded so scared.

There were times when Al would ask about his older brother and they kept almost nothing from him.

Well except the painful parts, Al was younger now after all he didn't remember the horrors completely anymore.

But despite that Alphonse would always insist that his brother was probably still alive somewhere.

But as Winry looked at tear filled green eyes, all she saw was unsure fear and pain.

Why couldn't anything in their lives be normal? Why Ed and Al were always put into these situations she didn't know?

Why was it that one innocent act of desperation led to this?

No one could ever answer Winry's questions as she focused on the task at hand.

"Why are you asking now Al, you always tell us that he's not gone" she tried to smile but it wouldn't come as the boy looked down.

"I-I remember something again, just bits and pieces" Winry held him tighter, it sounded liked Alphonse would break down again.

"What was it? Another fight?" they usually were moments were they were fighting.

Like the time he remembered being used as a hostage by the homunculi in lab 5, he only remembered his brother pleading for Al's life.

That had been enough though, for someone like Al remembering that would be enough to be a nightmare.

"The one that looked like a palm tree" Winry was pulled from her thoughts at that.

"Palm tree?" she asked as the boy nodded.

"He was there from the other nightmare he dressed funny and looked like a palm tree" Al tried to explain as best he could through shuddering breath and fragmented memories.

Something clicked quickly for Winry" you mean Envy" she tried to keep the anger out of her voice, that homunculus had been the cause of more than enough strife.

Al nodded as a breath turned into a sob" Envy I remember brother he was fighting and-"another sob cut him off.

Once again Winry took over in calming him down as she wondered what else was going to be said, this time this nightmare seemed to be the worse out of them all.

"And what Al? What happened?" she asked him gently ready to calm Al down like always before heading to her own room to glare at the ceiling at how unfair this all was to her friend.

Even she wasn't prepared for the answer, not this time.

"Brother was fighting then Envy h-he" Al shuddered not able to mention what happened but Winry knew by his next words "there was blood an-and brother, I don't remember but brother wasn't moving, he wasn't moving" sobbing once again filled the night air.

Winry was frozen stiff in place, she remembered when Rose told her how Envy had stabbed Edward and that had been the moment Al had given up his life for his brothers.

But after that when Ed got Al back, Rose told her Ed wasn't anywhere.

Their always was the possible he had died like Al had when he gave up his life for Ed's.

What could she say to Al about this, this was by far the worst thing he could remember.

"You're here Al because you saved Ed he's not dead" she wasn't so sure but she had to be the strong older sister, fit the role left by Edward.

No matter how much she may cherish it though, it wasn't the same.

She wasn't Ed no matter how much she tried or cared.

"But brother still died! He still died and maybe he's gone for good this time!" what could she say? Nothing Winry realized.

There really was nothing she could say, because even she wasn't sure if Ed was still alive.

"Al I can't tell you for sure but do you really think Ed would leave you alone on purpose?" she asked him softly hoping this could work.

She received a shake of the head "n-no, brother would never leave on purpose" he didn't understand what Winry was telling him.

"He may have died once Al, but I don't think he'd die a second time without a fight" This Winry knew was true "I bet you he's out there somewhere looking for you just as hard as you are" her words were firm because as much as she could deny it, she believed Ed was alive to somewhere.

"R-really?" Al asked looking at Winry with the most hopeful look on his face.

It broke her heart in more ways than one to see him like this, her little brother not by blood but loved just as much.

"You know Ed, he probably is still alive and it's up to you both to find each other" if Ed was alive somewhere maybe he was looking for a way home too, Winry refused to believe he wouldn't.

"I'll find brother, I know I will and once I go with teacher" Winry smiled at this, sometimes he was just like his brother.

"If you want to go learn you'll need sleep, how about it Al" she almost giggled at the tired yawn even with fresh tears on his now young face.

She wasn't sure if they ever would see Ed again, if Izumi could be more help to this but she'd always take care of Al.

After all, it's what big sisters were for.

****Just another random idea****

End
file.